

Grandma Sweater by **ficfucker**

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Oral Sex, Sex, Smut, hopper is... well hopper

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Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers

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Summary:

Hopper gets horny at a thrift store because why the fuck not

1. Chapter 1

“Hop, c’mon, this isn’t funny,” Joyce laughed, putting her hands to his chest as he stooped into the tiny dressing room.

“Can’t help it,” he murmured. A kiss found place on Joyce’s neck and she tried to playfully push him away. “You just look so good.” He kissed at an exposed collar bone and Joyce bristled under his lips, to his devious delight, a silent permission that she’d allow him more.

Joyce scoffed and raised her eyebrows, pulling on the hem of the brown sweater she had tried on as a joke. “What? In this thing? I look like someone’s grandma, Hop.”

“Maybe... Grannies turn me on,” he said, knowing full well she’d burst into a fit of laughter, covering her mouth and turning red, still trying to stifle her giggles, so afraid of being caught sharing a changing room.

The chief had offered up the idea of going to the thrift store just for kicks, while the boys were at school, and Joyce seemed keen on the suggestion. Of course, being who he was, Hopper had some other things in mind, some tricks up his sleeve that he knew Joyce would agree to with a little bit of persuasion. He really couldn’t help himself; near twenty years away from her, so he wasn’t wasting a second now.

“All right, all right, fun’s over. Get out, before someone yells at us,” Joyce scolded, gently swatting at his face before placing a tiny kiss on his nose, having to stand on the tips of her toes just to reach him.

Hopper put his hand to the door handle, but not before commenting, “Maybe we should run down the street; buy something for you that I can take off with my teeth, huh?”

Joyce blew air out of her mouth, a pink tint rising to her cheeks that she would never admit to, and pushed him out the door, then locked it behind him.

Hopper leafed through some shirts, half-hoping he might find a

decent flannel to add to his collection, but was easily bored with Joyce just trying on second-hand jeans. He was hooked on having Joyce buy some frilly, fancy, easy-to-rip lingerie that he could ravish her in. Just mulling over the thought got him aroused, still pretending to look over plaid shirts, none of which would ever fit him.

He tapped his knuckles on the door of the dressing room Joyce was in. "Hey, uh, Joyce? How about we grab something to eat. I'll take you out again for clothes this weekend."

Joyce peered her little face out and smiled, "Oh, Hop, I think I'm set for a while... Four pairs fit, you don't need to buy me anything else....," she said softly. Her eyes were so warm and kind, just looking at her made him want to put a hand to her face, pinch at her cheeks, and pepper her with kisses.

"I thought we were....," Joyce started, confused as Hopper turned onto her street. "Aren't we going out to eat?" She glanced at him from the passenger seat, her eyebrows knit together as she adjusted her bag in her lap.

"Mhm," he answered. His expression didn't waver. "Been dyin' to treat you to something all day."

Joyce fell silent and Hopper caught a glance; she was absolutely red in the face, meaning she knew what he was getting at. He reached a hand across the bench seat and found hers, giving it a little squeeze, and she smiled, squeezing back with her gloved fingers.

"Why buy me jeans if you just wanna get me outta them?" she teased.

Hopper let out a laugh as they pulled into the Byers' driveway, turning to kiss at her cheek. "Chivalry isn't dead just yet, is it?" He got out, jogged to her side of the car, and opened the door, offering out his arms, inviting her to be carried into the house.

"Oh, no way, Hop. Not that easy," she protested, as stubborn as ever,

turning her chin away.

His shoulders slumped in disappointment, but he persisted by wrapping his big arms around her slender, petite frame and heaving her over his shoulder, nearly dropping her bag in the process. Joyce let out a little yelp that bubbled into feminine laughter, pounding her fists to his back.

Hopper carried her into the house and considered the couch for a moment; too many bad memories there, he was careful with what might linger inside her, so he opted for the bedroom. He set her so she was sitting upright then took the bag from her hand, setting it aside, and kneeling in front of her.

“Hop... what are you...?”

Hopper placed a kiss to her thigh, through her jeans, trailing them up to her hip where his teeth hooked on her waistband, tugging at them with his eyes tilted up at her.

“One track mind with you, isn’t it?” Joyce smiled, going to unbutton her jeans. She shooed Hopper off her with the dismissive wave of one hand before standing and undoing her fly, wriggling out of her pants so they fell to a heap of denim on the floor.

Her face lit red again, getting a small electric feeling to zigzag its way down to Hopper’s groin as he looked her over. She was little as a doll, but nothing like one; slender, sleek features matched with a head-strong, independent personality, one he admired.

“I feel... very under-dressed all of a sudden,” Joyce commented as she tugged at the strap of her panties as though wondering if those were supposed to go, too.

“I feel like... you should be dressed a little less.” Hopper put a hand to her shoulder, urging her to sit on the edge of the bed again so he could kneel, slip his fingers into the waistband of her panties and carefully slide them away.

He pressed open-mouthed kisses up her thighs then nipped at her

pale, pale skin and she shivered in response, instinctively cupping her hand to the back of his head.

“When you mentioned going out to eat, this isn’t what I thought you meant, Jim,” Joyce whimpered. She kept running her fingers through his thin hair, over and over.

A smile graced his lips and he knew just the feeling of his breathing between her thighs was driving her crazy, a little tremble in her hips that he could feel under his hands as they were placed there.

Leaning forward slightly, Hopper pressed a kiss to Joyce’s clit and proceeded to lap his tongue there in long, thick strokes as she erupted with a moan, her hand going to her mouth to cover sounds that were already out. He stopped to suckle on her clit, letting his fingers curl against her hips deep enough to leave little pads of bruises there.

“Christ, ch-chief, give a girl warning first,” Joyce heaved out.

He hummed in reply, his pants tenting at her calling him “chief”, an obvious weakness of his in the bedroom (and sometimes in public, if whispered in his ear along with a string of dirty words by his favorite lady). Hopper opened his mouth wider, his tongue lapping against her, pressing to her entrance teasingly, his stubble itching on her thighs.

Once Joyce was worked up into a shudder, near ready to reach her climax, Hopper stood and smiled, leaning down to kiss her full on the mouth, met with a matched eagerness that involved tongue and teeth and quiet wave of moans.

Joyce strung her arms around the back of Hopper’s neck so he was stuck half-bent, looking each other in the eyes. “Was this planned all day or did you cook this up at the thrift store when you got bored?” she asked. She sounded breathless; Hopper didn’t even want to answer the question, all he could think about was fucking her senseless.

“Little bit of both, sweetheart,” he returned.

A slender hand took up place on Hopper’s front, just below his navel,

and slowly traveled South, getting the heat in his stomach rise up through the rest of his body. Just an inch away from the obvious tent in his pant, the hand pulled away, and Hopper practically deflated, a little giggle escaping from Joyce.

“Plan didn’t involve you teasing me, love,” Hopper murmured. “Other way around.” He stood and lifting Joyce again, splayed her in the bed then went to unbuckle his pants, up on his knees on the mattress.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

smut: finished

“Doesn’t sound fair to me,” Joyce challenged. She had taken off her shirt and was unclipping her bra, her eyes trying him.

Hopper let his pants and boxers fall down to his ankles then kicked them off, completely discarded over the side of the bed, still perched on his knees with his cock pointing upward, a little drip of precum pooling at the tip. “Life ain’t fair,” he grinned. He lowered himself over Joyce, propped on his elbows to avoid putting the entirety of his weight on her, the softness of his stomach pressed to her front.

“Mmm, Hop,” Joyce purred from under him. She raised her hips just enough so her clit kissed the underside of his cock, getting them both to sputter out praise and pleasure in chopped whispers.

He took up where she had invited: gliding his cock over her clit without penetrating her, tiny moans and whimpers dripping from her lips as she raked her nails down his back, not hard enough to break skin. It took all control not to slam into her, trying his patience and sense of romantic intent, keep himself from thrusting into her and pounding her until her eyes lolled.

Hopper leaned down and placed a kiss behind her ear, down to her collarbone, bit there, tracked his lips down to her chest and opened his mouth against her nipple. A sharp breath escaped her and her hand took up place to the back of his head again as if to nurse him. He suckled hard until her nipple came to a point on his tongue.

“Stop teasing me, chief, give a girl what she wants.”

For him, that was more than enough encouragement. Hopper positioned himself again, a little more upright than before, and placed a hand to his cock to align himself to her entrance. He pressed in and out slowly a few times, just the tip, and Joyce’s fingers curled around his shoulder blades from anticipation, letting her adjust to his

size.

With one quick thrust, unexpected at that, Hopper forced the majority of his length into her, and Joyce tensed with a loud moan before melting into a nerveless puddle under him. “J-James,” she cried and a fire burned in his stomach at his full name.

A reckless kiss between eager mouths collided and Hopper began his rutting in slow, short strokes, wanting desperately to go harder and faster. Joyce greeted this with undulating movements of her hips, wrapping her slim legs around the small of his back so he was held in place, only allowed to go deeper.

“P-Please, Hop,” she managed out. She direly placed kisses along his jawline and got hold of his earlobe between her teeth.

He took her wrist and guided her hand down between her legs, willing her to rub her clit while he worked hickies onto her neck. She swiped her thumb in circles over her clit as Hopper pumped into her, in and out at a steady pace. They were both getting close, building up to an electric release.

“Say it, Joyce,” Hopper hummed. His lower stomach was tightening, sweat beading on his brow as he edged closer to release, still kissing at her neck and chest aimlessly, her skin hot to the coolness of his mouth.

She gulped down a breath and moaned out, “Please chief, f-fuck me harder...” Her walls tightened around his shaft as she climaxed, her nails piercing the skin on his back as waves of warm pleasure washed over her.

With that, Hopper came, too; his hips shuddering a bit as he finished, delving deep into Joyce then pausing there as he filled her, pulling out a moment after and accidentally smearing cum onto her thigh.

They both collapsed into the bed and Hopper mumbled an “I love you” as Joyce sat to his surprise. He rolled onto his side to watch her crawl out of bed and rifle through the bag on the floor. “Joyce, come on, lay with me for a minute before getting dressed.” His eyes fluttered shut, heavy with the weight of the world, glowing from

orgasm.

“Hop,” Joyce sang.

He squinted to see her wearing the “granny sweater” and only that. He burst out laughing and threw his arms around her, engulfed in him, as they fell back onto the bed, Hopper planting tiny kisses all over her face, both of them smiling wide.

Notes for the Chapter:

hope you enjoyed; dont forget kudos and feedback